And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a Bard of Ireland told me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.
King. Well but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and begone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſubborne
To do thir ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuel: there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The

The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tydings to the bloudy king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſou eraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell, am I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me Tirrell ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
Kin. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,